

you keep my head busy and i'm in deep, i'm dizzy by artemidos

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Children, Domestic Fluff, Future Fic, Multi, Steve is a stay-at-home dad naturally, this is all fluff because I had this particular image in my mind and I had to

Language: English

Relationships: Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-02

Updated: 2017-11-02

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:53:57

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 825

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

It's a wonder that Steve had ever been anyone but the person he is now, dishtowel over his shoulder, hands on his hips as he surveys the kitchen. She's certain that this is her favourite version of him, the stay-at-home dad who maybe swears too much but loves their kids to death. He catches sight of her in the doorway and smiles.

you keep my head busy and i'm in deep, i'm dizzy

Author's Note:

here's this very basic, simple ot3 future fic because i had this image early on in watching season 2 of the three of them being so adorable. i don't know why, maybe i just wanted to give them a break? anyway here's this. the title is taken from the song unicorn loev which is the most romantic song in the world listen to it.

It's a wonder that Steve has ever been anyone but the person he is now, dishtowel over his shoulder, hands on his hips as he surveys the kitchen. She's certain that this is her favourite version of him, the stay-at-home dad who maybe swears too much but loves their kids to death. He catches sight of her in the doorway and smiles.

"Welcome home, honey." He greets and Nancy rolls her eyes, her kitten heels clicking against the kitchen tile as she approaches, wraps her arm around his waist.

"Where are the little demons?" She questions as he presses a kiss into her curly hair and she gets a look at what he's cooking. She can spy chicken and roast vegetables in the oven and her heart warms as she leans against him.

It's been a long day at work, all her time spent working on a particular political story that's been giving her grief and her shithead, sexist asshole of an editor wasn't been much help. Still, she doesn't want to bring that home with her, at least not to the kids. She'll complain about it before bed, book laid out on her lap that she's always too tired to finish.

"Not setting the table like I asked, that's for sure." He replies bitterly, peering behind her head to point into the dining room. "Our husband decided it was arts and crafts night, so we're gonna have even *more* stains on that table."

Nancy snorts, partially at the way Steve sounds so annoyed about it.

“My mother will be delighted.”

Eventually she breaks away from him but he follows close behind as she walks towards the dining room, spying the other man she loves standing with a camera in his hands, taking snapshots of the scene in front of them.

He's always taking pictures — which of course makes sense considering his profession. When he's not focused on a project it tends to feel like he's trying to capture every moment of their children's lives. They only make him put the camera down sometimes.

Grace's lips are turned down in a frown as she furiously colours with a pink crayon, creating some kind of pink blob surrounded by cut out stars that only her little genius four year old brain will be able to explain. Everyone tells Nancy that she looks just like her, but she sees more of Steve in her than anyone else, with that perfect hair and the ability to charm just about anyone. Hunter is a little more reserved, though he has about twenty googly eyes stuck on his paper and white paste all over his section of the table. He's the type of kid who looks forward to the holidays purely because going back to Hawkins means the annual Star Wars marathon with Mike and El. He's already seven and that freaks her out, makes her wonder if she shouldn't be working so much. Steve and Jonathan remind her that she's there for all the important stuff.

“Is that goddamn *glue* on my table, Hunt?” Steve questions.

Their son doesn't even look up, just grunts quietly. “No...”

“Kinda looks like glue, buddy.” Nancy speaks up now and both of them break from their apparent creativity trance to notice their mother, faces lighting up. Jonathan stands up straighter and aims the camera towards them as the kids almost topple their mother over, takes a few pictures.

They're both trying to tell her about their day at once and she laughs, holding onto both of them and interrupting. “Hey, hey. Come on, dinner's almost ready. You can tell me all about your day while we eat, but you gotta clean this up and set the table, okay? Daddy and I

will help.” She tells them, rubbing Hunter’s back as he looks a little dejected. She turns her head to shoot a smile at the men she loves and Steve is making kissy faces at Jonathan’s camera before he manages to snag one against his cheek.

Nancy can still imagine them, a dramatic mess of teenage feelings and misunderstandings. *Love triangle* , maybe. Not anymore.

The kids pull away and she approaches Steve and Jonathan, taking the camera from the latter before she greets him with a kiss. “Help clean up the mess you let them make.” She tells him and laughs as he tries to give a flustered defence.

Steve goes back to the kitchen as the timer on the oven goes off, taking everything out with oven mitts on like he never used to accidentally burn it all when he cooked and then just order food, defeated and complaining about how he *totally* did it right that time. Like it was never up in the air as to who would be home the most because of course Steve was the best at parenting, it just made sense.

She prefers not to imagine what they were anymore. She likes what they are now.